

# PARSON WILLIAMS' SABBATH BREAKING.

On the grave of Parson Williams. The grass is brown and bleached. The snow is white and bright. The sun is shining and the birds are singing. The parson is dead and his grave is empty. The people are laughing and the parson is crying.

But his memory is in New England. The people are still talking about him. The parson is still remembered. The people are still laughing and the parson is still crying.

And among those treasured legends I hold this one as a fact. How he got to Deacon Crosby's bay on Sunday afternoon.

It was midway in a sermon. Most orthodox, on grace. When a sound of distant thunder broke the quiet of the place.

Now the members of the Crosby lay fallen in his sight. As he glanced from out the window. The sound came on his right.

And the green and fragrant bayonets. By across that dead stand. But a shadow like the Deacon's. Far or near in all the land.

Quick and loud the claps of thunder. With rolling thunder from the sky. And the parson saw the people. Looking out with anxious eyes.

"Now, my brethren," called the parson. And called with might and main. "We must get in brother Crosby's bay. 'Tis our duty now most plain."

And he shut the great red Bible. And tossed his sermon roll. But a man could run more swiftly than the parson in that town.

And he ran now to the meadow. With all his strength and speed. And the congregation followed. All bewildered in his lead.

But on a Sunday. Such sight as this is rare. Of a parson and his people. A New England town had seen.

With a will they worked and shouted. And cheered the parson as he ran. And the parson led the singing. While the rest rolled down his face.

And it thundered fiercer, louder. And dark grew the sky above. But the bay was under cover. And the parson had worked best.

Not a moment had he wasted. The rain was falling fast. And the parson and his people. Through the village lanes passed.

And again in paw and pelt. Their places took the rain. And the parson preached his sermon. To "thriftily," where it rained.

When the services were ended. The people talking stayed. And among the stately pews. There were better columns made.

And the good old Deacon Crosby. A week and forty men. Had been saved on such a plan. And the parson came down, striding in haste, the narrow aisle.

And the Deacon's last old shoulders. He parted, with a smile. And said, "No fear, my brother. Let God think it is a sin."

For he went the mile to Crosby's bay. And your friends to get it in. "H. H.," the Independent.

Peter B. Lee.

The following paragraph refers to the arrival in Atchison of the only man who has undergone "Resurrection" 117 times. If these few lines reach Gabriel, we would suggest that he make the immortal Peter A. the first officer of the day. It is from the Atchison Patriot:

Peter Bartlett Lee, the great American tramp, tourist and journalist, came ashore at Atchison today. He came from Troy this morning, where he has been the guest of his friend Mr. Miller. He reports a destructive conflagration at Troy this morning, which wiped out the town of Troy, including the one occupied by Winter, the "Cheap John." He says the city hotel, where he had gone for security for his breakfast, narrowly escaped destruction. To save the hotel building Mr. Lee worked vigorously, as he had a breakfast in jeopardy. Peter B. is enjoying his usual health and is in excellent spirits. He is due at Topeka on Christmas.

—We can safely assert that nothing equals Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for all cases of sore throat, coughs, colds, etc. Price, 25 cents.

MO, SIR—NO!

SAVANNAH, Mo., Dec. 9.

Editor Bann:

It is a cure for tape worm in your paper please send me a copy by return mail. If not in your paper please send copy of the others. A person saw such a medal in paper but don't know.

Yours truly

SAVANNAH Mo Dec 9-78

R. S. SHAW

REPLY.

DEAR SIR:—We have looked carefully through the BAZOO and can't find a tape worm in it. If there was one, we should be sure to find it. There are a few on our paper, but we've got 'em chained down tight. They shan't get away.

We have looked at other papers, but they have none either—at least we can't see 'em. You say that a person saw such a medal in paper but don't know the word. "Look in Ophiel"—perhaps you'll find the missing link.

Any further communication with red stamp enclosed, will receive by return mail our circular.

For Doorkeeper.

For Doorkeeper of the House, Mr. John C. Arthur, of Warsaw, Benton county, by all odds the most acceptable man who has yet announced his intention of being a candidate for that office. A life-long Democrat, and a man who has maintained the justness of principles by a steady, modest adherence, in the darkest hour, to the faith that has proved triumphant, he certainly brings letters of adhesion and devotion of principle. An honored citizen and respected man, he will bring to the office to which he aspires all those attributes of honesty, efficiency and industry that can insure the public weal. The election of Mr. Arthur to this position would reflect honor upon the Democracy and the State.

A Mysterious Committee.

New Orleans, La., December 18.—A prominent Republican, it is rumored, goes to Washington in support of the interest of the whole party here for the purpose of making certain matters clear which now, unfortunately, are imagined to be inexplicable. The exact and precise point in the mission, however, is enveloped in the most profound mystery. Those who have made some good guesses at the truth, however, suppose it to be connected with certain complications in reference to one of the recent unfortunate Republican nominations, on which it is stated that the authorities in Washington are most anxious to have some light. From the well known ability of the gentleman charged with the mission, it is supposed that the whole complication can be explained to the satisfaction of the Government.

Ex-Gov. J. Madison Wells arrived here yesterday and assumes again the duties of his office, which have been seriously interrupted by sickness and labors of the late campaign. The Ex-Governor seems to have suffered much from both, and looks weary and careworn.

Grant's home at Washington, which is reported to have cost \$25,000, was sold last week to an Ohio lady for \$10,000; but this is nothing to the depreciation of the third-term movement.—St. Louis Dispatch.

# THE PRICE.

Something About School Books and Their Cost.

Why They Are Higher Than Other Works.

The following very sensible article on a subject in which all our people are deeply interested, and which should command the favorable consideration of our legislature, we take from the Joplin News:

There is just now a good deal of complaint about the high price of school books, and many worthy families in our city, who have children to educate, find it almost impossible to provide them with the necessary books. Still there is no way to remedy the evil, for the school book trade is a monopoly in the hands of publishers, and, like all other monopolies, hard to overcome, and one that requires the united efforts of all the people of the State. The people have voted to use a certain series for five years, though counties may of their own accord include another series if they so desire.

The series now in use in our schools embrace McGuffey's readers and spellers, Ray's arithmetic and Eclectic geography. The prices of these books are as follows: First Reader, 20c; Second Reader, 30c; Third Reader, 50c; Fourth Reader, 60c; Fifth Reader, 80c; Sixth Reader, \$1.15; Speller, 20c. Ray's Arithmetic—First Part, 25c; Second Part, 30c; Third Part, 65c; Fourth Part, \$1.15. Eclectic Geography—First Part, 75c; Second Part, \$1.50; Third Part, \$1.75. While these prices are high, too high by far, they are not so high as other series, as, for instance, Harper's Readers, Independent Readers and McGuffey's Readers.

What puts a great many in why school books cost so much more in proportion than other publications. The reason is this: Publishers, in order to have their books introduced, must employ not only traveling agents but also local agents, to whom they pay a large per cent., and in order to pay this without losing money, they must put up the price of their books, well knowing the people must have school books, and no long as all publishers keep up the price they have the market entirely in their own hands. The local agents are in most cases school teachers, who, when they take charge of a school, if they have an agency, and that school is not using the books they represent, at once go to work and have the series changed, so as to make something out of the introduction of the series they represent. People too often submit to this trick, believing the teacher to be honest in his judgment in regard to the merits of the books, and little know that his opinion is based on the per cent. he makes out of the change.

In Canada, where no doubt the same difficulty is to be met with that meets the purchaser, as well as the dealer, in this country, the government, for the purpose of advancing educational interests and placing an education in the reach of all, pays one-half the price of the book and thereby enables the purchaser to supply himself with all necessary books at a reasonable, if not nominal price. A little better legislation in this country on the schoolbook question would reduce an enormous question of what few objectionable lectures are now and then raised against it.

The local dealer is not to blame for the high prices of books, though he is often accused of malicious greediness in the sale of these necessary articles. He is a margin is quite small, unless he is an agent and gets the advantages given these local agents, and that is a very liberal reduction. But the dealer is rarely the local agent. The latter is generally selected from the ranks of the teachers, and his per cent. is regulated according to the influence he wields with boards and superintendents.

—We do not believe in medicine for children, but we do believe in Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup and most that no family should be without it.

FORTUNE TELLERS.

The Attempts of Madam Mitchell to Swindle Mr. Hill.

A Bonanza on His Farm at Knob Noster.

Many of our older citizens will remember how a gypsy fortune teller came near ruining one of the substantial, but innocent, farmers of this county, ten years ago by making him believe that there was a large amount of money buried on his farm, which, for a considerable sum of money, she would help him secure. She succeeded in bleeding him pretty deeply before his friends discovered the fact, when she folded her tent and skipped the county.

A similar game was very recently attempted by Madam Mitchell, the fortune teller, who so suddenly departed a few days since, on Mr. David Hill, of this city. Mr. Hill is a gentleman of a speculative turn of mind, and, desiring to know what good fortune was in store for him in the future, paid the Mad. a visit. She told him a great deal, and among other wonderful things that on a farm which he owned near Knob Noster was buried a large amount of money which she would help him find for a consideration of \$25. Mr. Hill is an honest man and thought he was getting entirely too much for his money, so did not bite. The Madam, however, was keen, and in order to secure her victim inserted an advertisement in one of the city papers stating that she had found \$50,000 for a Mr. Rice near Lexington. Mr. Hill on seeing this advertisement, thinking it would do to lose a good thing so easily wrote to the P. M. at Lexington and received the following reply: "No such person as Rice lives in or near Lexington, all a fraud."

Mr. Hill will sell his farm for the same price he asked for it before the Mad. put the Bonanza on it.

Brakeman Killed.

Last night at Hannibal, a brakeman by the name of Booth while coupling cars in the yards was caught between two cars and instantly killed. He had changed off with one of the regular yard men in order to be at home with his family, some of whom were sick, and was filling the place of the switchman when the accident occurred.

Economy is wealth. Save money by buying the Economy stove.

# ASTRAIDLE!

A Female Horse Thief in Jail.

Two Mules and a Mare was the Hand She Held.

But That of the Law Taken in the Pot.

Crime, like all else, has its wonders, and its latest development in this city is a female horse thief. She was brought in and consigned to our county jail last night by Mr. Wm. Silvey, of Durco, and Nat. Parberry, who lives a few miles south of the city. It is

A STRANGE STORY, and this is how they tell their tale of it: Amanda Hunsuit lives with Jno. Griffin, who she claims is her husband, but who is denied by Mr. Griffin, who only claims that he is engaged to her. She told her intended that she owned 120 acres of land near Durco, and left on December the 5th to go down and attend to it. On her arrival in the neighborhood of Durco, that same day, she went to the stable of Mr. Wm. Silvey and stole two mules, a mare and a bridle and saddle, and proceeded to Cole Camp, where she succeeded in selling the two mules to Harry Munkin, a saloon keeper of that place, for \$35.00, and with the mare started in a westerly course until she struck the house of Mr. Moss Mitchell where she offered the mare for sale. Mr. Mitchell traded her bacon, wheat and \$15 in money for the animal, but fearing that something was wrong in the matter postponed paying the bill for several days, hoping to find out if her title was all right, while Amanda Hunsuit went back to her home in Georgetown. She told Griffin about her adventures, accounting for her possession of the mare and mules by claiming to have disposed of her real estate and yesterday they started out together to Mr. Mitchell's to get the money and provisions.

In the meantime, however, Mr. Silvey had not been idle, but had followed in her course and recovered all his property and had just left Mr. Mitchell's when he met Griffin and the woman on their way to his house. The meeting occurred within two miles of Mitchell's house, and then there Mr. Silvey arrested them both and brought them to this city where they were lodged in secure apartments, and charges brought against them before Squire Clark, who took up their examination to day.

Griffin was discharged as no evidence could be produced showing him to be a party to the theft, but Mrs. Hunsuit was committed to jail in default of \$1,000 bail. Mrs. Hunsuit states that she is thirty years of age although she is probably older, and evidently of Irish extraction, with a tall, raw-bone figure, and a countenance anything but prepossessing.

Her previous history shows that her life has not been unmarked by events that were the direct results of her want of principle. A few months ago she was living in Durco and stole a number of dress patterns from one of her neighbors. Mr. Silvey then told her it was a penitentiary offense, and she had better leave. She did so, and next appeared in a German settlement a few miles west of Durco. Here she abstracted a number of hams from a farmer, who succeeded in finding his property and then treated her to a severe housewiping.

Mrs. H., who is a basket maker by occupation, did not even yet bethink herself of her trade, and what an honest support it could yield, but next appeared in the person of the character of horridity. She has probably stolen the last horse until after her term in the State prison shall have expired.

CLINTON'S COUPLE.

Declared One by the Service Matrimonial.

[The following came to hand Sunday morning, too late for that paper. Ed. BAZOO.]

CLINTON, Mo., Dec. 14, 1878.

A very pleasant event occurred on our social circle last evening: The reception given Rev. J. W. Higgins and bride, at the Allen House, by his mother, Mrs. Mary Higgins, joined by her son and daughter, T. E. Higgins and Mrs. E. J. Wilson.

The company assembled at 8:30 p. m. the bride and groom were presented to their friends by Sam A. Milton, at 9 o'clock. The lovely bride was arrayed in a splendid costume of cream silk, a princess, trimmed with lilacs of the valley; ornaments of pearls.

The bridegroom looked exceedingly well in the conventional regulation, black, with white vest.

The happy pair, whose future home will be Waco, Texas, are on their wedding tour from that place. And after a brief stay at their friends here, will visit St. Louis, Chicago and New York, returning via Nashville, Tenn. to their northern home.

Though they come from a German bloodline to polar snows—there is no frost so cold, no chilling winds so sharp, as to reach the equatorial realm and record precincts of their perfect peace and happiness.

The ladies and gentlemen assembled were filled with glee, enthusiasm and delight. The ladies, as Clinton ladies always do, looked decidedly well. As an encouragement to the young ladies, (though all brides are lovely and beautiful,) all the lovely and beautiful ladies are not brides yet.

The following were among the ladies and gentlemen present, who enjoyed a pleasant evening sociable, and did hearty justice to the very elegant supper prepared by Mrs. E. J. Wilson:

Dr. John H. Britte and wife;

J. G. Dorman and wife;

R. G. Boone and wife;

Mrs. G. Y. Salmon, Mr. H. W. Salmon;

Mrs. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Patton Montrose;

Miss Florence Salome;

Lucille S. Harris, Kate Royce,

Matie Parke, Mollie Quarles,

Mollie Dorman, Mattie Weidmeyer,

Corra Gill, Mr. M. Partridge,

C. D. Dorman, C. R. Clark,

Dr. Sam A. Milton, Frank Ware,

C. C. Dickson, Dr. J. P. Gray,

Wm. Lloyd Stewart, Fred Harris.

A good news is a blessing to every family, and all our friends recommend that innocent but effective remedy for all the pains and ills that beset a body—Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Price, 25 cents.

# A FOUL MURDER.

The Bones of an Assassin's Victim Found in a Well.

San Antonio Express, Dec. 11.

A few weeks ago a Mexican living on the Four, about nineteen miles west of the city, went to his employer and obtained \$3, which was due him. He thereupon went or said he would go to the Mexican. On the following Wednesday Mr. Mexican appeared at his home newly clad and with a brass new six shooter, a new saddle, new pair leggings and other new things. This sudden rise of the fellow to a condition of comfort aroused a suspicion on the part of his neighbors. The election had passed and it was not thought that the Mexican had been favored by politicians with the means to obtain the article which he had purchased. He was questioned and said that he had won money gambling in San Antonio and bought the articles at a pawn shop. But time sped on, and the day before yesterday a son of the man who owned a certain old well near where the Mexican was employed, passed near it. There were evidences of the earth having been dug about the brink of the well, which struck the boy, who proceeded to investigate the cause. The boy thereupon left and reported to his father that there was a change in the old well. This was last Sunday. The father repaired to the well and found buried in it the body of a man in an advanced state of decomposition. This intelligence was reported to the authorities, and Justice Shields yesterday repaired to the place. The body which was still in the well, was raised to the surface, when an inquest was held resulting in a verdict placing the responsibility of the murder upon one Demetrio, who was found guarded by the citizens.

The well is only about 300 yards from Main Castrolville road, and about 200 yards from a corn crib where Demetrio slept of nights. There is no house or habitation, save this crib, within a mile of the place. A strange horse appeared in the vicinity about the time Demetrio was discharged, and taken up by a man living near by, who has to this day not found an owner. Every indication is that this Mexican met an unwary traveler, slew him and threw him into this well, or, perhaps, murdered some one who slept with him in the corn crib. The murder, at all events, was most foul, and if the assassin has been found, he should be hung as high as Haman.

MASTER AND DOG.

Attachment Unto Death—Singular Yet True Story.

East St. Louis comes to the front with the conventional illustration of the attachment of a dog to its master. Some three days since, after an illness of a week or more, John Hermann, proprietor of the Green Tree Hotel, died, and on the next day was buried. When he was first taken sick, an old dog which had been owned by Hermann for a number of years, and was scarcely ever seen out of his company, took up his quarters under the sick man's bed, and from that place neither threat nor coaxing could bring the animal. At last, when his masters death occurred, and he remains were placed in a coffin and removed to another room, the dog followed and laid down under the table on which the coffin rested. Here he was allowed to stay, but, when the remains were buried, the animal took no notice other than to whine his disapproval, and died before the return of the household from the funeral.—Globe-Democrat.

—Married, and yet happy. How many a home has been robbed of sunshine and happiness and rendered sad and desolate by the loss of some dear and petted child. This is a dangerous season for children, and parents should keep Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup handy. Price, 25 cents a bottle.

A Rising Lawyer.

A case comes to the BAZOO from Warsaw that is decidedly rich. Some scallawag was employed by an honest old farmer to dig a well. The farmer like many others, raised tobacco for his own use. The scallawag thought he saw a speculation ahead, and tried to buy some tobacco from the farmer. The old man gave him some, but refused to take any pay for it. The fellow then laid a time upon the table and departed. A short time afterwards he wrote the farmer a threatening letter. He told him that he had violated the U. S. revenue laws and was liable to a fine of \$5,000; but if he would pay him a certain sum he would not inform against him.

The farmer paid no attention to the letter, when he received another more peremptory one. The old man then went to the grand jury and showed them the letters, relating all the particulars connected with the case. The blackmail was indicted, and hired a lawyer to defend him. The lawyer advised his client to plead guilty and saving him that the offense was trifling and the penalty slight. The prisoner pleaded guilty, and now finds himself in a dread way to go to the penitentiary, for the statute affixes the punishment at not less than two nor more than five years.

The BAZOO advises the prisoner to kill his attorney and run the chances on an indictment for murder.

Robbed on the Train.

Mr. J. H. Zimmerman, of Topeka, Kansas, was robbed on a train on the Mo. Pacific on Monday last, between Sedalia and Holden of her pocketbook containing two hundred tickets to Topeka, a \$30 bill and some small change. The conductor of the train did all he could to detect the thief, but as far as we have been able to learn nothing occurred looking towards a clue to the robber.

Prison Bird Caught.

John Jackson, who broke out of the penitentiary in March last for the third time, was caught by Sheriff Murray to-day on Flat Creek, about seven miles from the city. Jackson is a negro and was sent from Johnson county for grand larceny. This is the second time Sheriff Murray has caught him.

—Mr. Samuel Harris, who lives near the north line of Randolph county, not far from Knoxville, met with a serious and perhaps fatal accident, last Friday, while digging a well on his premises. He was down in the well, and had sent up a tub filled with dirt when from some cause, the tub fell back, striking him on the side. Two of his ribs were broken, one of his legs was dislocated at the hip joint, and he was otherwise terribly bruised. Fears are entertained that he will not recover.

# EXIT.

Samuel Ostrander Found Dead in His Bed.

An Old Circus Clown's Last Appearance.

Samuel Ostrander, who for a year past has been a resident of this city, was found dead in his bed, at 4 o'clock this morning, at the residence of Mrs. Tooker, on St. Louis street, north of the railroad.

Ostrander has been in feeble health for a long time, and incapable of performing any hard labor. He was formerly a circus clown, and was also well known upon the variety stage all over the country. He leaves a wife and child in this country, from whom he had been separated for some months. He also had a wife in Texas.

AN INQUEST was held by Coroner Jones this morning, who summoned the following jurors:

Jas. Hill, D. Talbot,

Wm. Butler, J. West Goodwin,

J. A. Fisher, R. W. Barret.

The following additional particulars were elicited:

Mrs. A. Tooker, sworn—Night before last the deceased came home about 11 o'clock. He spoke of having a cold and did not seem to be much sick. He cut supper that night. He was sick towards morning trying to vomit; was pretty sick. He left without eating breakfast and acted strangely. He was pale in color; was nervous and seemed wild. About ten o'clock in the morning he came home very poorly, and almost helpless. Staid in bed all day and night until he died. He complained of not getting his breath, and of pain in his head early in the evening of the 17th inst. He was an actor by profession; with circus in the summer and on the stage in winter. He was about 40 years old. Has been married twice; both wives are living. His first wife is an actress at Austin, Texas. His second wife lives in this country. They were not living together.

Miss A. Tooker.

Elie Ostrander, sworn—I reside in this house. The deceased is the uncle of my husband. I have known the deceased since Sept. 1878. On the morning of the 17th about six o'clock, I heard him making a noise like he was in distress. He got up and went away very soon, about six o'clock. I was in his house until this morning about four o'clock, when he died. I don't think he was an intemperate man. I think about one week ago, one evening, that he had been drinking some. He drank considerable water all day yesterday.

ELLA OSTRANDER.

Agnes Gallagher, sworn—I reside in this house. I was not acquainted with the deceased. I saw him the first time on the lounge yesterday. He was sick. I saw him no more until I saw him dead this morning. I was in the room ten minutes. He acted as if he was going to have a spasm. I have no means of knowing neither do I know what caused his death.

AGNES GALLAGHER.

Joseph Peltier, sworn—I reside at Mrs. Toke's, north of the Pacific road. The deceased boarded at the same place I did. For a week or so he has not taken his meals there. I first knew of his sickness yesterday morning. He got out of bed that morning and was stiff. I helped him back to bed where he staid a while and then got up and dressed himself and went away. He walked with difficulty. He looked as if he was bloated.

JOSEPH PELTIER.

P. Myers, sworn—I am bar keeper at the Wine hall. I first saw the deceased about three months ago. About six weeks ago he commenced cleaning out and working at odd jobs around the Wine hall for me. He drank two or three drinks each day. I saw him pretty full about one week ago. He had been off somewhere. He did not get his liquor that time from me. He came the second time yesterday to the Wine hall. He went and got a scuttle of coal and fixed the fire. This was about 3 o'clock p. m. Dec. 17th. I can't say how long he stopped in there. He was not a healthy man. He had been sick. He did not have delirium tremens.

P. MYERS.

After a thorough investigation A VERDICT was rendered that the deceased, Samuel Ostrander, came to his death from a congestive chill.

Death of Col. Jno. McMurtry.

The news reached the city to-day that Col. John McMurtry, one of the oldest and best known citizens in Pettis county, died in Warsaw, last night of pneumonia. The Colonel served in the Confederate army, and after the war was engaged in the transportation business in Mexico. He was a genial gentleman, and beloved and respected by all. He has traveled extensively in the old world, and has a remarkable history attached to his name. The deceased lately received an award from the Government for a claim which he has for years been prosecuting. His family reside near Dresden. At the time of his death he was upwards of sixty years of age.

Death of George Bagley Seay.

Death and he were friends. At the ripe age of eighty-five, the machinery of his life stood still. George Bagley Seay, a native of Virginia, a soldier in the war of 1812, and a resident of Missouri for forty years, died at the residence of R. H. Barret, near Middle Grove, Monroe county, December 10, 1878. Since his advent to Missouri Mr. Seay has lived in the Bassett family. Except a pension of \$7 per month, which he draws from the government, he has no means, but his decrepit manhood and weak old age met with sympathetic hearts in the Bassett family, and when the pulse ceased to beat he was laid gently to rest attended by the prayers, tears and tender regards of those among whom he had for four decades made his home. He was commonly known as George Bagley.—Benton County.

Common sense. For all cases of coughs, colds, sore throat, etc., use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

The St. Joseph Gazette tells of the killing of a large gray wolf in the streets of that city on last Friday morning. He had made his home for some time under Pringle's slaughter house, but on Friday morning it came out and attacked a boy. The boy fought it off, and got a gun and shot it dead. Shooting a wild wolf in the streets of a city of 30,000 inhabitants is certainly an unusual incident. The same paper states that there is a barrow of prairie wolves in Mount More cemetery of that city.

# THE STATE.

A singing mouse is the latest curiosity in Memphis, captured by and now in possession of the Karsner boys. This little oddity sings several notes plainly, whistles like a quail, and is a very pert mousey generally.

A proposition in writing was submitted by Clarksville to the assignee of the Central Savings bank of St. Louis, offering to give \$500 in cash and the entire revenue accruing from wharfage for the next eight years to come, as full satisfaction of the judgment recently obtained on the city bonds.

Mr. F. T. Huges informs the Lancaster Executive that he has received intelligence from Washington that the U. S. Supreme court has made its decision in the Schuyler county bond case which has been pending before the court, and the decision is against the county and the bonds are decided to be valid.

One week ago last Tuesday the residence of Mr. John McCully, living about three miles northwest of Thomas Hill, in Randolph county, was burned, with nearly all its contents. The family were at home when the fire originated but did not discover it until the roof was about falling in, when it was too late to move out much of the household effects.

For the past few days a man by the name of Smith has been playing himself off on the people of Joplin as dead and dumb,